

# *Renascence Editions*

Return to  
[Renascence Editions](#)

## **The Tragedie of Antonie. (Ponsonby, 1595)**

**Robert Garnier's *Antoine*. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, translator.**

---

Note on the e-text: this [Renascence Editions](#) text is based on that of the Huntington Library (59871) copy of the 1595 edition (STC 11623). Transcription by R.S. Bear, University of Oregon Library, July 1998. Long "s" has been modernized. Catchwords have been eliminated. Pagination and signature notation are retained in comment tags in the source code. Typographical errors have been emended within square brackets. This edition may not work properly with browsers that cannot handle tables.

The text is in the public domain; matter unique to this edition copyright © 1998 The University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only. Send comments and corrections to the Publisher.

---

### THE TRAGEDIE OF Antonie.

*Doone into English by the  
Countesse of  
Pembroke*

[printer's mark]

Imprinted at London for *William  
Ponsonby* 1595.

## ¶ The Argument.



*AFTER the ouerthrowe of Brutus and Cassius, the libertie of Rome being now vtterly oppressed, and the Empire settled in the hands of Octavius Cæsar and Marcus Antonius, (who for knitting a straiter bonde of amitie betweene them, had taken to wife Octauia the sister of Cæsar) Antonius vndertooke a iourney against the Parthians, with intent to regaine on them the honor won by them from the Romanes, at the discomfiture and slaughter of Crassus. But comming in his iourney into Siria the places renewed in his remembrance the long intermitted loue of Cleopatra Queene of Aegipte: who before time had both in Cilicia and at Alexandria, entertained him with all the exquisite delightes and sumptuous pleasures, which a great Prince and voluptuous louer could to the vttermost desire. Wherevpon omitting his enterprice, he made his returne to Alexandria, againe falling to his former loues, without any regard of his vertuous wife Octauia, by whom nevertheles he had excellent children. This occation Octavius tooke of taking armes against him: & preparing a mighty fleet, encountred him at Actium, who also had assembled to that place a great number of Gallies of his own, beside, 60. which Cleopatra brought with her from Aegipt[.] But at the very beginning of the battel Cleopatra with all her Gallies betooke her to flight, which Antony seeing could not but follow: by his departure leaving to Octavius the greatest victory which in any Sea battell hath beene heard off. Which he not negligent to pursue, followes them the next spring, and besieged them with in Alexandria, where Antony finding all that he trusted to faile him, beginneth to growe ielouse and to suspect Cleopatra. She therevpon enclosed her selfe with two of her women in a monument she had before caused to be built, thence sends him worde she was dead: which he beleewing for truth, gaue himselfe with his Sworde a deadly wound: but died not vntil a messenger came from Cleopatra to have him brought to her to the tombe. Which she not daring to open least she should be made prisoner to the Romaines, & carried in Cæsars triumph, cast downe a corde from an high window, by the which (her women helping her) she trussed up Antonius halfe dead, and so got him into the monument. The Stage supposed [A]lexandria: the chorus first Egiptians, & after Romane souldiors: The history to be read at large in Plutarch in the life of Antonius.*

## ¶ The Actors.

Antonius.

Cleopatra.

Eras and } Cleopatras women.

Charmion. }

Philostratus *a Philosopher.*

Lucilius.

Diomedes *Secretarie to Cleopatra.*

Octavius Cæsar.

Agrippa.

Euphron, *teacher of Cleopatras children.*

Children of Cleopatra[.]

Dircetus *the Messenger.*

[Act 1.]

[Antonius]



Ince cruell Heav'ns against me obstinate,  
Since all mishappes of the round engin doo  
Conspire my harme: since men, since powers diuine  
Aire, earth, and Sea are all iniurious:  
And that my Queene her selfe, in whome I liu'd,  
The Idoll of my hart doth me pursue;

It's meeete I dye. For her have I forgone  
My Country, *Cæsar* vnto warre provok'd  
(For iust reuenge of Sisters wrong, my wife,  
Who mou'de my Queene (ay me!) to ielousie)  
For loue of her, in her allurements caught  
Abandon'd life, I honor have despise,  
Disdain'd my freends, and of the statelie Rome  
Despoilde the Empire of her best attire,  
Contemn'd that power that made me so much fear'd,  
A slave become vnto her feeble face.

O cruell, traitres, woman most vnkinde,  
Thou dost, forsworne, my loue and life betraie:  
And giv'st me vp to ragefull enemye,  
Which soone (ô foole!) will plague thy periurye.

10

20

Yeelded *Pelusium* on this countries shore,  
Yeelded thou hast my Shippes and men of warre,  
That nought remaines (so destitute am I)  
But these same armes which on my back I weare.  
Thou should'st have had them too, and me vnarm'de  
Yeelded to *Cæsar* naked of defence.  
Which while I beare let *Cæsar* neuer thinke

Triumph of me shall his proud chariot grace:  
 Not think with me his glory to adorne,  
 On me alive to vse his victorie. 30

Thou only *Cleopatra* triumph hast,  
 Thou only hast my fredome seruile made,  
 Thou only hast me vanquisht: not by force  
 (For forste I cannot be) but by sweete baites  
 Of thy eyes graces, which did gaine so fast  
 Upon my libertie, that nought remain'd.  
 None els henceforth, but thou my dearest Queene,  
 Shall glorie in commaunding *Antonie*.

Haue *Cæsar* fortune and the Gods his freends,  
 To him haue Ioue and fatall sisters giuen 40  
 The Scepter of the earth: he never shall  
 Subiect my life to his obedience.  
 But when that death, my glad refuge, shall haue  
 Bounded the course of my vnstedfast life,  
 and frosen corps under a marble colde  
 Within tombes bosome widdowe of my soule:  
 Then at his will let him it subiect make:  
 Then what he will let *Cæsar* doo with me:  
 Make me limme after limme be rent: make me  
 My buriall take in sides of *Thracian* wolfe. 50

Poore *Antonie*! alas what was the day,  
 The daies of losse that gained thee thy loue!  
 Wretch *Antonie*! since then Mægaera pale  
 With Snakie haires enchain'd thy miserie.  
 The fire thee burnt was neuer *Cupids* fire  
 (For *Cupid* beares not such a mortall brand)  
 It was some furies torch, *Orestes* torche,  
 Which sometimes burnt his mother-murdering soule  
 (When wandring madde, rage boiling in his bloud,  
 He fled his fault which folow'd as he fled) 60  
 Kindled within his bones by shadow pale  
 Of mother slaine return'd from Stygian lake.

*Antony*, poore *Antony*! since that daie  
 Thy olde good hap did farre from thee retire.  
 Thy vertue dead: thy glorie made aliue  
 So ofte by martiall deeds is gone in smoke:  
 Since then the *Baies* so well thy forehead knewe  
 To Venus mirtles yeelded haue their place:  
 Trumpets to pipes: field tents to courtly bowers:  
 Launces and Pikes to daunces and to feastes. 70  
 Since then, ô wretch! in stead of bloudy warres

Thou shouldst have made vpon the Parthian Kings  
 For Romain honor filde by *Crassus* foile,  
 Thou threw'st thy Curiace off, and fearfull healme,  
 With coward courage unto *Aegipts* Queene  
 In haste to runne, about her necke to hang  
 Languishing in her armes thy Idoll made:  
 In summe, given up to *Cleopatras* eies.  
 Thou breakest at length from thence, as one encharm'd  
 Breakes from th'enchauter that him strongly helde. 80  
 For thy first reason (spoyling of their force  
 The poisoned cuppes of thy faire Sorceres)  
 Recur'd thy [sprite]: and then on euery side  
 Thou mad'st again the earth with Souldiours swarme[.]  
 All Asia hidde: Euphrates bankes do tremble  
 To see at once so many Romanes there  
 Breath horror, rage, and with a threatning eye  
 In mighty squadrons crosse his swelling streames.  
 Nought seene but horse, and fier[y] sparkling armes:  
 Nought heard but hideous noise of muttring troup. 90  
 The *Parth*, the *Mede*, abandoning their goods  
 Hide them for feare in hilles of *Hircanie*,  
 Redoubting thee. Then willing to besiege  
 The great *Phraate* head of *Media*,  
 Thou campedst at her walles with vaine assault,  
 Thy engines fit (mishap!) not thither brought[.]  
 So long thou staist, so long thou doost thee rest,  
 So long thy loue with such things nourished  
 Reframes, reformes it selfe and stealingly  
 Retakes his force and rebecomes more great. 100  
 For of thy Queene the lookes, the grace, the words,  
 Sweetenes, alurements, amorous delights,  
 Entred againe thy soule, and day and night,  
 In watch, in sleepe, her Image follow'd thee:  
 Not dreaming but of her, repenting still  
 That thou for warre hadst such a goddes left.  
 Thou car'st no more for *Parth*, nor *Parthian* bow,  
 Sallies, assaults, encounters, shocks, alarmes,  
 For diches, rampiers, wards, entrenched grounds:  
 Thy only care is sight of *Nilus* streames, 110  
 Sight of that face whose gilefull semblant doth  
 (Wandring in thee) infect thy tainted hart.  
 Her absence thee besottes: each hower, each hower  
 Of staie, to thee impacient seemes an age.  
 Enough of conquest, praise thou deem'st enough,

If soone enough the bristled fieldes thou see  
Of fruit-full *Aegipt*, and the stranger floud  
Thy Queenes faire eyes (another *Pharos*) lights.

Returned loe, dishonored, despisde,  
In wanton loue a woman thee misleades 120  
Sunke in foule sinke: meane while respecting nought  
Thy wife *Octauia* and her tender babes,  
Of whome the long contempt against thee whets  
The sword of *Cæsar* now thy Lord become.

Lost thy great Empire, all those goodly townes  
Reverenc'd thy name as rebells now thee leaue:  
Rise against thee, and to the ensignes flocke  
Of conqu'ring *Cæsar*, who enwalles thee round  
Cag'd in thy hold, scarce maister of thy selfe,  
Late maister of so many Nations. 130

Yet, yet, which is of grieve extreamest grieve,  
Which is yet of mischief highest mischief,  
It's *Cleopatra* alas! alas, it's she,  
It's she augments the torment of thy paine,  
Betraines thy loue, thy life [(]alas!) betraies,  
Cæsar to please, whose grace she seekes to gaine:  
With thought her crowne to saue and fortune make  
Onely thy foe which common ought haue beene.

If her I alwaies lov'd, and the first flame  
Of her heart-killing loue shall burne me last: 140  
Iustly complaine I she disloyall is,  
Nor constant is, euen as I constant am,  
To comfort my mishap, despising me  
No more, then when the heauens fauour'd me.

*But ah! by nature women wau'ring are,  
Each moment changing and rechanging mindes.  
Vnwise, who blinde in them, thinkes loyaltie  
Euer to finde in beauties companie.*

*Chorus.*

The boyling tempest still  
makes not Sea waters fome: 150  
nor still the Northern blast  
disquiets quiet streames:  
nor who his chest to fill  
sayles to the morning beames,  
on waves winde tosseth fast

still keepes his ship from home.  
Nor *love* still downe doth cast  
infram'd with bloudie ire  
on man, on tree, on hill,  
his darts of thundring fire. 160  
nor still the heat doth last  
on face of parched plaine.  
nor wrinkled colde doth still  
on frozen furrows raine.

But still as long as we  
in this low world remaine,  
mishapps our dayly mates  
our liues do intertaine:  
and woes which beare no dates  
still pearch vpon our heads, 170  
none go, but straight will be  
some greater in their steads.

Nature made vs not free  
When first she made vs liue:  
When we began to be,  
To be began our woe:  
Which growing euermore  
As dying life dooth growe,  
Do more and more us greeue,  
And tire vs more and more. 180

No stay in fading states,  
For more to height they retch,  
Their fellow miseries.  
The more to height do stretch.  
They cling euen to the crowne,  
And threatning furious wise  
From tirannizing pates  
Do often pull it downe.

In vaine on waues vntride  
To shunne them go we should, 190  
[ ]To *Scythes* and *Massagetes*  
[ ]Who neare the Pole reside:  
In vaine to boiling sandes  
Which *Phaebus* battry beates,  
For with vs still they would  
Cut seas and compasse landes.

The darknes no more sure  
To ioyne with heauy night:  
The light which guildes the dayes

To follow *Titan* pure: 200  
 No more the shadow light  
 The body to ensue:  
 Then wretchednes alwaies  
 Vs wretches to pursue.  
 O blest who never breath'd,  
 Or whome with pittie mou'de,  
*Death* from his cradle reau'de,  
 And swadled in his graue:  
 And blessed also he  
 (As curse may blessing haue) 210  
 Who low and living free  
 No princes charge hath prou'de.  
 By stealing sacred fire  
*Prometheus* then vnwise,  
 prouoking Gods to ire,  
 the heape of ills did sturre,  
 and sicknes pale and colde  
 our ende which onward spurre,  
 to plague our hands too bolde  
 to filch the wealth of skies. 220  
 In heauens hate since then  
 of ill with ill enchain'd  
 we race of mortall men  
 full fraught our breasts haue borne  
 and thousand thousand woes  
 our heau'nly soules now thorne,  
 which free before from those  
 no earthly passion pain'd.  
 Warre and warres bitter cheare  
 now long time with us staie, 230  
 and feare of hated foe  
 still still encreaseth sore:  
 our harmes worse dayly grow,  
 lesse yesterday they were  
 then now, and will be more  
 to morow then to day.

Act 2.

*Philostratus.*



What horrible furie, what cruell rage,  
O *Aegipt* so extremely thee torments?  
Hast thou the Gods so angred by thy fault?

Hast thou against them some such crime conceiu'd, 240  
That their engrained hand lift vp in threats  
They should desire in thy hart bloud to bathe?  
And that their burning wrath which nought can quench,  
Should pittiles on us still lighten downe?

We are not hew'n out of the monst'rous masse  
Of *Giantes* those, which heauens wrack conspir'd:  
*Ixions* race, false prater of his loues:  
Nor yet of him who fained lightnings found:  
Nor cruell *Tantalus*, nor bloudy *Atreus*, 250  
Whose cursed banquet for *Thyestes* plague  
Made the beholding Sunne for horror turne  
His backe, and backward from his course returne:  
And hastning his wing-footed horses race  
Plunge him in sea for shame to hide his face:  
While sulleine night vpon the wondring world  
For mid-daies light her starrie mantle cast.

But what we be, what euer wickednesse  
By vs is done, Alas! with what more plagues,  
More eager torments could the Gods declare  
To heauen and earth that vs they hatefull holde? 260  
With souldiors, strangers, horrible in armes  
Our land is hidde, our people drown'd in teares.  
But terror here and horror, nought is seene:  
And present death prising our life each hower.  
Hard at our ports and at our porches waites  
Our conquering foe: harts faile us, hopes are dead:  
Our Queene laments: and this great Emperour  
Sometime (would now they did) whom worlds did feare,  
Abandoned, betraid, now mindes no more  
But from his euils by hast'ned death to passe. 270

Come you poore people tir'de with ceasles plaints  
With teares and sighes make m[our]nfull sacrifice  
On *Isis* altars: not our selues to saue,  
But soften *Cæsar* and him pitious make  
To us, his pray: that so his lenitie  
May change our death into captiuitie.

Strange are the euils the fates on vs haue brought,

O but alas! how farre more strange the cause!  
 Loue, loue (alas, who ever would have thought?)  
 Hath lost this Realme inflamed with his fire. 280  
 Loue, playing loue, which men say kindles not  
 But in soft hearts, ashes made our townes.  
 And his sweet shafts, with whose shot none are kill'd,  
 Which vlcer not, with deaths our lands haue fill'd.

Such was the bloudie, murdring, hellish loue  
 possest thy hart faire false guest *Priams* sonne,  
 Firing a brand which after made to burne  
 The *Troian* towers by *Græcians* ruinate.  
 By this loue, *Priam*, *Hector*, *Troilus*,  
*Memnon*, *Deiphobus*, *Glaucus*, thousands mo. 290  
 Whome redd *Scamanders* armor clogged streames  
 Roll'd into Seas, before their dates are dead.  
 So plaguie he, so many tempests raiseth,  
 So murdring he, so many Cities raiseth,  
 When insolent, blinde, lawles, orderles,  
 With madd delight our sence he entertaines.

All knowing Gods our wracks did us foretell  
 By signes in earth, by signes in starry Sphæres,  
 Which should haue mou'd us, had not destinie  
 With too strong hand warped our miserie. 300  
 The *Comets* flaming through the scat'ed clouds  
 With fiery beames, most like unbroaded haire:  
 The fearefull dragon whistling at the bankes:  
 And holie *Apis* ceaseles bellowing  
 (As neuer erst) and shedding endles teares:  
 Bloud raining downe from heav'n in unknown showers:  
 Our Gods darke faces ouercast with woe,  
 And dead mens Ghosts appearing in the night.  
 Yea euen this night while all the Cittie stooode  
 Opprest with terror, horror, seruile feare, 310  
 Deepe silence ouer all: the sounds were heard  
 Of diuers songs, and diuerse instruments,  
 Within the voide of aire: and howling noise,  
 Such as madde *Bacchus* priests in *Bacchus* feasts,  
 On *Nisa* make: and (seem'd) the company,  
 Our Cittie lost, went to theemie.

So we forsaken both of Gods and men,  
 So are we in the mercy of our foes:  
 And we henceforth obedient must become  
 To lawes of them who haue vs ouercome. 320

*Chorus.*

Lament we our mishaps,  
     Drowne we with teares our woe:  
     For Lamentable happes  
     Lamented easie growe:  
     and much lesse torment bring  
     then when they first did spring.  
 We want that wofull song,  
     wherwith wood-musiques Queen  
     doth ease her woes, among,  
     fresh springtimes bushes greene, 330  
     on pleasant branch alone  
     renewing auntient mone.  
 We want that monefull sound,  
     that pratling *Progne* makes  
     on fields of *Thracian* ground,  
     or streames of *Thracian* lakes:  
     to empt her brest of paine  
     for *Itys* by her slaine.  
 Though *Halcyons* do still,  
     bewailing *Ceyx* lot, 340  
     the Seas with plainings fill  
     which his dead limmes haue got,  
     not euer other graue  
     then tombe of waues to haue:  
 And though the bird in death  
     that most *Meander* loues:  
     so sweetly sighes his breath  
     when death his fury proues,  
     as almost softs his heart,  
     and almost blunts his dart: 350  
 Yet all the plaints of those,  
     nor all their tearfull larmes,  
     cannot content our woes,  
     nor serue to waile the harmes,  
     in soule which we, poore we.  
     to feele enforced be.  
 Nor they of *Phæbus* bredd  
     in teares can doo so well,  
     they for their brother shedd,  
     who into *Padus* fell, 360  
     rash guide of chariot cleere

surueiour of the yeare.

Nor she whom heau'nly powers  
to weping rocke did turne,  
whose teares distill in showers,  
and shew she yet doth mourne,  
wherewith his toppe to Skies  
mount *Sipylus* doth rise.

Nor weping drops which flowe  
from barke of wounded tree,  
that *Mirrhas* shame doth showe  
with ours compar'd may be,  
to quench her louing fire  
who durst embrace her sire.

370

Nor all the howlings made  
on *Cybel's* sacred hill  
By Eunukes of her trade,  
who *Atys*, *Atys* still  
with doubled cries resound,  
which *Eccho* makes rebound.

380

Our plaints no limits stay,  
nor more then do our woes:  
both infinitely straie  
and neither measure knowes  
*In measure let them plaine:*  
*Who measur'd griefes sustaine.*

*Cleopatra, Eras, Charmion, Diomedes.*

*Cleopatra.*

That i haue the betraide, deare *Antonie*,  
My life, my soule, my sunne? I had such thought?  
That I haue the betraide my Lord, my King?

That I would breake my vowed faith to thee?  
I haue thee? deceiue thee? yeelde thee to the rage  
Of mightie foe? I euer had that hart?  
Rather sharpe lightning lighten on my head:  
Rather may I to deepest mischief fall:  
Rather the opened earth deuoure me:  
Rather fierce *Tigers* feed them on my flesh:  
Rather, ô rather let our *Nilus* send,  
To swallow me quicke, some weeping *Crocodile*.

390

And didst thou then suppose my royall heart  
 Had hatcht, thee to ensnare, a faithles loue? 400  
 And changing minde, as Fortune changed cheare,  
 I would weake thee, to winne the stronger, loose?  
 O wretch! ô caitiue! ô too cruell happe!  
 And did not I sufficient losse sustaine  
 Loosing my Realme, loosing my libertie,  
 My tender of-spring, and the ioyfull light  
 Of beamy Sunne, and yet, yet loosing more  
 Thee *Antony* my care, if I loose not  
 What yet remain'd? thy loue alas! thy loue,  
 More deare then Scepter, children freedome, ligh[t.] 410  
 So readie I to row in *Charons* barge,  
 Shall leese the ioy of dying in thy loue:  
 So the sole comfort of my miserie  
 To haue one tombe with thee is me bereft.  
 So I in shady plaines shall plaine alone,  
 Not (as I hop'd) companion of thy mone,  
 O height of grieve! *Eras* why with continuall cries  
 Your grieffull harmes doo you exasperate?  
 Torment your selfe with murthering complaints;  
 Straine your weake brest so oft, so vehemently? 420  
 Water with teares this faire alabaster?  
 With sorrowes sting so many beauties wound?  
 Come of so many Kings want you the hart  
 Brauely, stoutly, this tempest to resist?  
*Cl.* My eu'ls are wholly vnsupportable,  
 No humain force can them withstand, but death.  
*Eras.* To him that striues nought is impossible.  
*Cl.* In striuing lyes no hope of my mishapps.  
*Eras.* All things do yeelde to force of louely face.  
*Cl.* My face too louely caus'd my wretched case. 430  
 My face hath so entrap'd, so cast vs downe,  
 That for his conquest *Cæsar* may it thanke,  
 Causing that *Antonie* one army lost  
 The other wholly did to *Cæsar* yeld.  
 For not induring (so his amoureuse sprite  
 Was with my beautie fir'd) my shamefull flight,  
 Soone as he saw from ranke wherein he stoode  
 In hottest fight, my Gallies making saile:  
 Forgetfull of his charg (as if his soule  
 Vnto his Ladies soule had beene enchain'd) 440  
 He left his men, who so couragiously  
 Did leaue their liues to gaine him victorie.

And carelesse both of fame and armies losse  
My oared Gallies follow'd with his ships  
Companion of my flight, by this base parte  
Blasting his former flourishing renowne.

*Eras.* Are you therefore cause of his ouerthrow?

*Cl.* I am sole cause: I did it, only I.

*Er.* Feare of a woman troubled so his sprite?

*Cl.* Fire of his loue was by my feare enflam'd. 450

*Er.* And should he then to warre haue led a Queene?

*Cl.* Alas! this was not his offence, but mine.

*Antony* (ay me! who else so braue a chiefe!)

Would not I should haue taken Seas with him:

But would haue left me fearefull woman farre

From common hazard of the doubtfull warre.

O that I had beleeu'd! now, now of *Rome*

All the great Empire at our beck should bende.

All should obey, the vagabonding *Scythes*,

The feared *Germanes*, back-shooting *Parthians*, 460

Wandering *Numidians*, *Britton* farre remou'd,

And tawny nations scorched with the Sunne.

But I car'd not: so was my soule possest,

(To my great harme) with burning iealousie:

Fearing least in my absence *Antony*

Should leauing me retake *Octauia*.

*Char.* Such was the rigour of your desteny.

*Cl.* Such was my errour and obstinacie.

*Ch.* But since Gods would not, could you do withall?

*Cl.* Alwaies from Gods good haps, not harms, do fall. 470

*Ch.* And haue they not all power on mens affaires?

*Cl.* They neuer bow so low as worldly cares.

But leaue to mortall men to be dispos'd

Freely on earth what euer mortall is.

If we therein sometimes some faults commit,

We may them not to their high maiesties,

But to our selues impute; whose passions

Plunge vs each day in all afflictions.

Wherwith when we our soules do thorned feele,

Flatt'ring our selues we say they dest'nies are: 480

That gods would haue it so, and that our care

Could not empeach but that it must be so.

*Char.* Things here below are in the heau'ns begot,

Before they be in this our worlde borne:

And neuer can our weaknesse turne awry

The staillesse course of powerfull destenie.

Nought here force, reason, humaine prouidence,  
 Holie deuotion, noble bloud preuailes:  
 And Ioue himselfe whose hand doth heauens rule,  
 Who both to gods, and men as King commands, 490  
 Who earth (our firme support) with plenty stores,  
 Moues aire and sea with twinckling of his eie,  
 Who all can doe, yet neuer can vndoe  
 What once hath beene by their hard lawes decreed.

When *Troyan* walles, great *Neptunes* workmanship[,]  
 Enuirone'd were with *Greekes*, and Fortunes whele  
 Doubtfull ten yeares now to the campe did turne,  
 And now againe towards the towne return'd.  
 How many times did force and fury swell  
 In *Hectors* veines egging him to the spoile 500  
 Of conquer'd foes, which at his blowes did fly,  
 As fearefull sheepe at feared wolues approch:  
 To saue (in vaine: for why? it would not be)  
 Poore walles of *Troy* from aduersaries rage,  
 Who died them in bloud, and cast to ground  
 Heap'd them with bloudie burning carcasses.

No, Madame, thinke, that if the ancient crowne  
 Of your progenitors that *Nilus* rul'd,  
 Force take from you; the Gods haue will'd it so,  
 To whome oft times Princes are odious. 510  
 They haue to euery thing an end ordain'd;  
 All worldly greatnes by them bounded is:  
 Some sooner, later some, as they thinke best:  
 None their decree is able to infringe.  
 But, which is more, to vs disastred men  
 Which subiect are in all things to their will,  
 Their will is hid: nor while we liue, we know  
 How, or how long we must in life remaine.  
 Yet must we not for that feede on dispaire,  
 And make vs wretched ere we wretched be: 520  
 But alwaies hope the best, euen to the last,  
 That from our selues the mischief may not grow.

Then, Madame, helpe your selfe, leaue of in time  
*Antonies* wracke, lest it your wracke procure:  
 Retire you from him, saue from wrathfull rage  
 Of angry *Cæsar* both your Realme and you.  
 You see him lost, so as your amitie  
 Vnto his euills can yeeld no more reliefe.  
 You see him ruin'd. so as your support  
 No more henceforth can him with comfort raise.

With-draw you from the storme: persist not still 530  
 To loose your selfe: this royall diademe  
 Regaine of *Cæsar*. *Cl.* Sooner shining light  
 S[h]all leaue the day, and darknes leaue the night:  
 Sooner moist currents of tempestuous seas  
 Shall waue in heauen, and the nightly troopes  
 Of starres shall shine within the foming waues,  
 Then I thee, *Antony*, Leaue in deepe distres.  
 I am with thee, be it thy worthy soule  
 Lodge in thy brest, or from that lodging parte 540  
 Crossing the ioyles lake to take her place  
 In place prepared for men Demy-gods.  
 Liue, if thee please, if life be lothsome die:  
 Dead and aliue, *Antony*, thou shalt see  
 Thy princesse follow thee, folow, and lament,  
 Thy wrack, no lesse her owne then was thy weale.  
*Char.* What helps his wrack this euer-lasting loue?  
*Cl.* Help, or help not, such must, such ought I proue.  
*Ch.* Ill done to loose your selfe, and to no end.  
*Cl.* How ill thinke you to follow such a frend? 550  
*Ch.* But this your loue nought mitigates his paine.  
*Cl.* Without this loue I should be inhumaine.  
*Ch.* Inhumaine he, who his owne death pursues.  
*Cl.* Not inhumaine who miseries eschues.  
*Ch.* Liue for your sonnes. *Cl.* Nay for their father die.  
*Ch.* Hardharted mother! *Cl.* Wife kindhearted I.  
*Ch.* Then will you them depriue of royall right?  
*Cl.* Do I depriue them? no, it's dest'nies might.  
*Ch.* Do you not them depriue of heritage,  
 That giue them vp to aduersaries hands, 560  
 A man forsaken fearing to forsake,  
 Whome such huge numbers hold inuironned?  
 T'abandon one gainst whome the frowning world  
 Banded with *Cæsar* makes conspiring warre.  
*Cl.* The lesse ought I to leaue him left of all.  
*A frend in most distresse should most assist.*  
 If that when *Antonie* great and glorious  
 His legions led to drinke *Euphrates* streames,  
 So many Kings in traine redoubting him;  
 In triumph rais'd as high as highest heau'n; 570  
 Lord-like disposing as him pleased best,  
 The wealth of *Greece*, the wealth of *Asia*:  
 In that faire fortune had I him exchaung'd  
 For *Cæsar*, then, men would haue counted me



Faithles, vnconstant, light: but now the storme,  
 And blustering tempest driuing on his face,  
 Readie to drowne, *Alas!* what would they say?  
 What would himselfe in *Plutos* mansion say?  
 If I, whome alwaies more then life he lou'de,  
 If I, Who am his heart, who was his hope, 580  
 leaue him, forsake him (and perhaps in vaine)  
 Weakly to please who him hath ouerthrowne?  
 Not light, vnconstant, faithlesse should I be,  
 But vile, forsworne, of treachrous cruelty.  
*Ch.* Crueltie to shunne you selfe-cruell are:  
*Cl.* Selfe-cruell him from cruelty to spare.  
*Ch.* Our first affection to ourselfe is due.  
*Cl.* He is my selfe. *Ch.* Next it extends vnto  
 Our children, frends, and to our country soile.  
 And you for some respect of wiuely loue, 590  
 (Albee scarce wiuely) loose your natieue land,  
 Your children, frends, and (which is more) your life,  
 With so strong charmes doth loue bewitch our witts:  
 So fast in vs this fire once kindled flames.  
 Yet if his harme by yours redresse might haue[.]  
*Cl.* With mine it may be clos'de in darksome graue.  
*Ch.* And that, as *Alcest* to her selfe vnkind,  
 You might exempt him from the lawes of death.  
 But he is sure to die: and now his sword  
 Already moisted is in his warme bloud, 600  
 Helples for any succour you can bring  
 Against deaths sting, which he must shortly feele.  
 Then let your loue be like the loue of olde  
 Which *Carian* Queene did nourish in hir heart  
 Of hir Mausolus: builde for him a tombe  
 Whose statelinesse a wonder new may make.  
 Let him, let him haue sumptuous funeralls:  
 Let graue thereon the horror of his fights:  
 Let earth be buri'd with vnburied heaps.  
 Frame their *Pharsaly*, and discoulour'd streams 610  
 Of deepe *Enipeus*: frame the grassie plaine,  
 Which lodg'd his campe at siege of *Mutina*.  
 Make all his combats, and couragious acts:  
 And yearely plaies to his praise institute:  
 Honor his memory: with doubled care  
 Breed and bring vp the children of you both  
 In *Cæsars* grace: who as a noble Prince  
 Will leaue them Lords of this most glorious realme.

*Cl.* What shame were that? ah Gods! what infamie?  
 With *Antony* in his good haps to share, 620  
 And ouerliue him dead: deeming enough  
 To shed some teares vpon a widdow tombe?  
 The after-liuers iustly might report  
 That I him only for his Empire lou'd,  
 And high estate: and that in hard estate  
 I for another did him lewdly leaue?  
 Like to those birds wafted with wandring wings  
 From foraine lands in spring-time here arriue:  
 And liue with vs so long as Somers heate,  
 And their foode lasts, then seeke another soile. 630  
 And as we see with ceaselesse fluttering  
 Flocking of seelly flies a brownish cloud  
 To vintag'd wine yet working in the tonne:  
 Not parting thence while they sweete liquor taste:  
 After, as smoke, all vanish in the aire,  
 And of the swarme not one so much appeare.  
*Eras.* By this sharpe death what profit can you winne?  
*Cl.* I neither gaine nor profit seeke therein.  
*Er.* What praise shall you of after-ages get?  
*Cl.* Nor praise, nor Glory in my cares are set. 640  
*Eras.* What other end ought you respect, then this?  
*Cl.* My only end my onel[y] duty is.  
*Eras.* Your dutie must vpon some good be founded?  
*Cl.* On vertue it, the onely good, is grounded.  
*Er.* What is that *vertue*? *Cl.* That which vs beseemes.  
*Er.* Outrage our selues? who that beseeming deemmes?  
*Cl.* Finish I will my sorrowes dieng thus.  
*Er.* Minish you will your glories doing thus.  
*Cl.* Good frends I pray you seeke not to reuoke  
 My fix'd intent of folowing *Antony*. 650  
 I will die. I will die: must not his life,  
 His life and death by mine be followed?  
 Meane while, deare sisters, liue: and while you liue,  
 Do often honor to our loued Tombes.  
 Straw them with flowers: and sometimes happely  
 The tender thought of *Antony* your Lord  
 And me poore soule to teares shall you inuite,  
 And our true loues your dolefull voice commend.  
*Ch.* And thinke you Madame, we from you will part?  
 Thinke you alone to feele deaths oughly darte? 660  
 Thinke you to leaue vs? and that the same sunne  
 Shall see at once you dead, and vs aliue?

Weele die with you: and *Clotho* pittillesse  
 Shall vs with you in hellish boate imbarque[.]  
*Cl.* Ah liue, I praie you: this disastred woe  
 Which racks my heart, alone to me belongs:  
 My lot longs not to you: seruants to be  
 No shame, no harme to you, as is to me.

Liue sisters, liue, and seing his suspect  
 Hath causelesse me in sea of sorrowes drown'd, 670  
 And that I cannot liue, if so I would,  
 Nor yet would leaue this life, if so I could,  
 Without his loue: procure me, *Diomed*,  
 That gainst poore me he be no more incensd.  
 Wrest out of his conceit that harmefull doubt,  
 That since his wracke he hath of me conceiu'd  
 Thogh wrong conceiu'd witnes you reuerent Gods,  
 Barking *Anubis*, *Apis* bellowing.  
 Tell him, my soule burning, impatient,  
 Forlorne with loue of him, for certaine seale 680  
 Of her true loialtie my corpse hath left,  
 T'encease of dead the number numberlesse.

Go then, and if as yet he me bewaile,  
 If yet for me his heart one sigh fourth breathe  
 Blest shall I be: and far with more content  
 Depart this world, where so I me torment.  
 Meane season vs let this sad tombe enclose,  
 Attending here till death conclude our woes.  
*Diom.* I will obey your will. *Cl.* So the desert  
 The Gods repay of thy true faithfull heart. 690

*Diomed.*

And is't not pittie, Gods, ah Gods of heau'n  
 To see from loue such hatefull frutes to spring?  
 And is't not pittie that this firebrand so  
 Laies waste the trophes of *Phillippi* fieldes?  
 Where are those sweet allurements, those sweet looks,  
 Which gods themselues right hart sick wuld haue made  
 What doth that beautie, rarest guift of heau'n,  
 Wonder of earth? Alas! what do those eies?  
 And that sweete voice all *Asia* vnderstoode,

And sunburnt *Africke* wide in deserts spred? 700  
 Is their force dead? haue they no further power?

Can not by them *Octavius* be surpriz'd?  
Alas! if *Ioue* in middst of all his ire,  
With thunderbolt in hand some land to plague,  
Had cast his eies on my Queene, out of hand  
His plaguing bolte had falne out of his hand:  
Fire of his wrath into vaine smoke should turne,  
And other fire within his brest should burne.

Nought liues so faire. Nature by such a worke  
Her selfe, should seeme, in workmanship hath past. 710  
She is all heau'nly: neuer any man  
But seeing hir was rauish'd with her sight.  
The Allablaster couering of her face,  
The corall couller hir two lips engraines,  
Her beamy eies, two Sunnes of this our world,  
Of hir faire haire the fine and flaming golde,  
Her braue streight stature, and her winning partes  
Are nothing else but fiers, fetters, dartes.

Yet this is nothing th'enchauting skilles  
Of her celestiall Sp'rite, hir training speach, 720  
Her grace, hir maiesty, and forcing voice,  
Whither she it with fingers speach consorte,  
Or hearing sceptred kings ambassadors  
Answered to each in his owne language make.

Yet now at neede it aides her not at all  
With all these beauties, so her sorrow stinges.  
Darkned with woe her only study is  
To weepe, to sigh, to seeke for lonelines.  
Careles of all, hir haire disordred hangs:  
Hir charming eies whence murthring looks did flie, 730  
Now riuers grown', whose wellspring anguish is,  
Do trickling wash the marble of hir face.  
Hir faire discour'd brest with sobbing swolne  
Selfe cruell she still martirith with blowes,

Alas! It's our ill hap, for if hir teares  
She would conuert into her louing charmes,  
To make a conquest of the conqueror,  
(As well she might, would she hir force imploie)  
She should vs saftie from these ills procure,  
Hir crowne to hir, and to hir race assure. 740  
*Vnhappy he, in whome selfe-succour lies,*  
*Yet selfe-forsaken wanting succour dies.*

*Chorus.*

O sweete fertile land, wherein  
    *Phoebus* did with breth inspire  
    man who men did first begin,  
    formed first of *Nilus* mire.  
    whence of *Artes* the eldest kindes,  
    earths most heauenly ornament,  
    were as from their fountaine sent  
    to enlight our misty mindes. 750  
    whose grose sprite fro endles time  
    as in darkned prison pente,  
    neuer did to knowledge clime.

Wher the *Nile*, our father good,  
    father-like doth neuer misse  
    yearely vs to bring such food,  
    as to life required is:  
    visiting each yeare this plaine,  
    and with fat slime cou'ring it,  
    which his seauen mouthes do spit, 760  
    as the season comes againe.  
    making therby greatest growe  
    busie reapers ioyfull paine,  
    when his flouds do highest flow.

Wandering Prince of riuers thou,  
    honor of the *Aethiops* lande,  
    of a Lord and maister now  
    thou as slaue in awe must stand.  
    now of *Tiber* which is spred  
    lesse in force, and lesse in fame 770  
    reuerence thou must the name,  
    whome all other riuers dread,  
    for his children swolne in pride,  
    who by conquest seeke to treade  
    round this earth on euery side.

Now thou must begin to send  
    tribute of thy watry store,  
    as sea pathes thy steps shall bend,  
    yearely presents more and more.  
    thy fat skumme, our fruitfull corne, 780  
    pill'd from hence with theuish hands  
    all vncloth'd shal leaue our lands  
    into forraine country borne.  
    which puft vp with such a pray  
    shall thereby the praise adorne

of that scepter *Rome* doth sway.  
 Nought thee helps thy hornes to hide  
 far from hence in vnknown grounds,  
 thay thy waters wander wide,  
 yerely breaking banks and bounds. 790  
 and that thy Skie-coullor'd brooks  
 through a hundred people passe,  
 drawing plots for trees and grasse  
 with a thousand turn's and crookes.  
 whome all weary of their way  
 thy throats which in widenesse passe  
 powre into their mother Sea.  
 Nought so happie haplesse life  
 " in this world as freedome findes:  
 " nought wherin mor sparkes are rife 800  
 " to inflame couragious mindes.  
 " but if force must vs inforce  
 " nedes a yoke to vndergo,  
 " vnder foraine yoke to go  
 " Still it proues a bondage worse.  
 " and doubled subiection  
 " see we shall, and feele, and know  
 " subiect to a stranger growne.  
 From hence forward for a King,  
 whose first being from this place 810  
 should his brest by nature bring  
 care of country to imbrace,  
 We at surly face must quake  
 of some *Romaine* madly bent:  
 who our terrour to augment[,]  
 his *Proconsuls* axe will shake.  
 driuing with our Kings from hence  
 our establish'd gouernment,  
 iustice sword, and lawes defence.  
 Nothing worldly of such might 820  
 but more mighty *Destiny*,  
 by swift *Times* vnbridled flight,  
 makes in end his end to see.  
 euery thing *Time* ouerthrowes,  
 nought to end doth steadfast staie.  
 his great sithe mowes all away  
 as the stalke of tender rose.  
 onely immortalitie  
 of the heauens doth it oppose

gainst his powrefull *Deitie*.

830

One day there will come a day  
 which shall quaille thy fortunes flower  
 and thee ruinde low shall laie  
 in some barbrous Princes power.  
 when the pittie-wanting fire  
 shall, O *Rome*, thy beauties burne,  
 and to humble ashes turne  
 thy proud wealth and rich attire,  
 those guilt roofes which turretwise,  
 iustly making enuy mourne,  
 threaten now to pearce Skies.

840

As thy forces fill each land  
 haruests making here and there,  
 reaping all with rauening hand  
 they find growing any where:  
 from each land so to thy fall  
 multitudes repaire shall make,  
 from the common spoile to take  
 what to each mans shaire may fall.  
 fingred all thou shalt behold:  
 no iote left for tokens sake  
 that thou wert so great of olde.

850

Like vnto the ancient *Troie*  
 whence deriu'd thy founders be,  
 conqu'ring foe shall thee enioie,  
 and a burning praie in thee.  
 for within this turning ball  
 this we see, and see each daie:  
 all things fixed ends do staie,  
 ends to first beginnings fall.  
 & that nought, how strong or strange  
 chaungeles doth endure alwaie,  
 But e[n]dureth fatall change.

860

*M. Antonius, Lucilius.*

*M. Ant.*

[*Lucil,*] sole comfort of my bitter case,  
 The only trust, the only hope I haue,  
 In last despaire: Ah is not this the daie  
 That death should me of life and loue bereaue?

What waite I for that haue no refuge left,  
But am sole remnant of my fortune left?

All leaue me, flie me: none, noe not of them 870  
Which of my greatnes greatest good receiu'd,  
Stands with my fall: they see me as now asham'd  
That heretofore they did me ought regard:  
They draw them backe, shewing they folow'd me,  
Not to partake my harm's, but coozen me.

*Lu. In this our world nothing is stedfast found,  
In vaine he hopes, who here his hopes doth ground.*

*An.* Yet nought afflicts me, nothing killes me so,  
As that I so my *Cleopatra* see 880  
Practise with *Cæsar*, and to him transport  
My flame, her loue, more deare then life to me.

*Lu.* Beleeue it not: Too high a heart she beares,  
Too princely thoughts. *An.* Too wise a head she weare[s]  
Too much enflam'd with greatnes, euermore  
Gaping for our great Empires gouerment.

*Lu.* So long time you her constant loue haue tri'de.

*An.* But still with me good fortune did abide.

*Lu.* Her changed loue what token makes you know?

*An.* *Pelusium* lost, and *Actian* ouerthrow, 890  
Both by her fraud: my well appointed fleet,  
And trusty Souldiors in my quarrel arm'd,  
Whome she, false she, in stede of my defence,  
Came to perswade, to yelde them to my foe:  
Such honor *Thyre* done, such welcome giuen,  
Their long close talkes I neither knew, nor would,  
And trecherous wrong *Alexas* hath me donne,  
Witnes too well her periur'd loue to me.

But you O gods (if any faith regarde)  
With sharpe reuenge her faithlesse change reward.

*Lu.* The dole she made vpon our ouerthrow, 900  
Her realme giuen vp for refuge to our men,  
Her poore attire when she deuoutly kept  
The solemne day of her natiuitie,  
Againe the cost and prodigall expence  
Shew'd when she did your birth day celebrate,  
Do plaine enough her heart vnfained proue,  
Equally toucht, you louing, as you loue.

*Ant.* Well; be her loue to me or false, or true,

Once in my soule a cureles wound I feele.

I loue: nay burne in fire of her loue:



Each day, each night hir Image haunts my minde, 910  
 Her selfe my dreames: and still I tired am,  
 And still am with burning pincers nipt.  
 Extreame my harme: yet sweeter to my sence  
 Then boiling Torch of iealous torments fire:  
 This griefe, nay rage, in me such sturre doth keepe,  
 And thornes me still, both when I wake and sleepe.  
 Take *Cæsar* conquest, take my goods, take he  
 Th'onor to be Lord of the earth alone,  
 My sonnes, my life bent headlong to mishapps: 920  
 No force, so not my *Cleopatra* take.  
 So foolish I, I cannot her forget,  
 Though better were I banisht her my thought.  
 Like to the sicke whose throte the feauers fire  
 Hath vehemently with thirstie drougt enflam'd,  
 Drinkes still, albee the drinke he still desires  
 Be nothing else but fewell to his flame.  
 He cannot rule himselfe: his health's respect  
 Yealdeth to his distempered stomacks heate.  
*Lu.* Leau of this loue, that thus renewes your woe. 930  
*An.* I do my best, but ah! can not do so.  
*Lu.* Thinke how you haue so braue a captaine bene,  
 And now are by this vaine affection falne.  
*An.* The ceasles thought of my felicitie  
 Plunges me more in this aduersitie.  
*For nothing so a man in ill torments,*  
*As who to him his good state represents.*  
 This makes my rack, my anguish, and my woe  
 Equall vnto the hellish passions growe,  
 When I to mind my happy puisance call 940  
 Which erst I had by warlike conquest wonne,  
 And that good fortune which me neuer left,  
 Which hard disastre now hath me bereft.  
 With terror tremble all the world I made  
 At my sole word, as Rushes in the streames  
 At waters will: I conquer'd Italie,  
 I conquer'd *Rome*, that nations so redoubt.  
 I Bare (meane while besieging *Mutina*)  
 Two consuls armies for my ruine brought.  
 Bath'd in their bloud, by their deaths witnessing 950  
 My force and skill in matters Martiall.  
 To wreake thy vnkle, vnkind *Cæsar*, I  
 With bloud of enemies the bankes embru'd  
 Of stain'd *Enipeus*, hindring his course

Stopped with heapes of piled carcasses:  
 When *Cassius* and *Brutus* ill betide  
 Marcht against vs, by vs twise put to flight,  
 But by my sole conduct: for all the time  
*Cæsar* hart-sicke with feare and feauer lay.  
 Who knowes it not? and how by euery one  
 Fame of the fact was giu'n to me alone. 960

There sprang the loue, the neuer changing loue,  
 Wherin my heart hath since to yours bene bound:  
 There was it, my *Lucill*, you *Brutus* sau'de,  
 And for your *Brutus Antony* you found.  
 Better my hap in gaining such a frend,  
 Then in subduing such an enemie.

Now former vertue dead doth me forsake,  
 Fortune engulfes me in extreame distresse:  
 She turnes from me her smiling countenance, 970  
 Casting on me mishapp vpon mishapp,  
 Left and betraide of thousand thousand frends,  
 Once of my sute, but you *Lucill* are left,  
 Remaining to me stedfast as a tower  
 In holy loue, in spite of fortunes blastes.

But if of any God my voice be heard,  
 And be not vainely scatt'ed in the heau'ns,  
 Such goodnes shall not glorillesse be loste.  
 But comming ages still thereof shall boste.

*Lu.* Men in their frendship euer should be one, 980  
 And neuer ought with fickle Fortune shake,  
 Which still remoues, nor will, nor knowes the way,  
 Her rowling bowle in one sure state to staie.

Wherefore we ought as borrow'd things receiue  
 The goods light she lends vs to pay againe:  
 Not hold them sure, nor on them build our hopes  
 As on such goods as cannot faile, and fall:  
 But thinke againe, nothing is dureable,  
 Vertue except, our neuer failing host:

So bearing faile when fauoring windes do blow, 990  
 As frowning tempests may vs least dismaie  
 When they on vs do fall: not ouer-grieu'd with bad.  
 Resist mishap. *Ant.* Alas! it is too strong.

Mishappes oft times are by some comfort borne:  
 But these, ay me! whose weights oppresse my hart,  
 Too heauie lie no hope can them relieue.

There rests no more but that with cruell blade  
 For lingring death a hastie waie be made.

*Lu.* *Cæsar*, as heire vnto his fathers state.  
 So will his Fathers goodnes imitate, 1000  
 To you ward: whome he know's allied in bloud,  
 Alied in mariage, ruling equally  
 Th'Empire with him, and with him making warre  
 Haue purg'd the earth of *Cæsars* murtherers.  
 You into portions parted haue the world  
 Euen like coheirs their heritages parte:  
 And now with one accord so many yeares  
 In quiet peace both haue your charges rul'd.  
*Ant.* Bloud and alliance nothing do preuaile  
 So will his To coole the thirst of hote ambitious breasts: 1010  
 The sonne his Father hardly can endure,  
 Brother his brother, in one common Realme.  
 So feruent this desire to commaund:  
 Such iealousie it kindleth in our hearts,  
*Sooner will men permit another should*  
*Loue her they loue, then weare the crowne they weare.*  
 All lawes it breakes, turnes all things vpside downe:  
 Amitie, kindred, nought so holy is  
 But it defiles. A monarchie to gaine  
 None cares which way, so he may it obtaine. 1020  
*Lu.* Suppose he Monarch be and that this world  
 No more acknowledg sundry Emperours,  
 That *Rome* him only feare, and that he ioyne  
 The east with west, and both at once do rule:  
 Why should he not permitt you peaceablie  
 Discharg'd of charge and Empires dignitie,  
 Priuate to liue reading *Philosophy*,  
 In learned *Greece*, *Spaine*, *Asia*, any land?  
*An.* Neuer will he his Empire thinke assur'de  
 While in this world *Marke Antony* shall liue. 1030  
*Sleeples Suspicion, Pale distrust, cold feare*  
*Alwaies to princes companie to beare*  
*Bred of reports: reports which night and day*  
*Perpetuall guests from court go not away.*  
*Lu.* He hath not slaine your brother *Lucius*,  
 Nor shortned hath the age of *Lepidus*,  
 Albeit both into his hands were falne,  
 And he with wrath against them both enflam'd.  
 Yet one, as Lord in quiet rest doth beare,  
 The greatest sway in great *Iberia*: 1040  
 The other with his gentle Prince retaines  
 Of highest Priest the sacred dignitie.

*An.* He feares not them, their feeble force he knowes.

*Lu.* He feares no vanquisht ouerfill'd with woes.

*An.* Fortune may chaunge againe. *L.* A down-cast foe  
Can hardly rise, which once is brought so low.

*An.* All that I can is donne: for last assay  
(When all means fail'd) I to entreaty fell,  
(Ah coward creature!) whence againe repulst  
Of combate I vnto him proffer made:

1050

Though he in prime, and I by feeble age  
Mightily weakned both in force and skill.  
Yet could not he his coward heart aduaunce  
basely affraide to trie so praisefull chaunce.  
This makes me plaine, makes me my selfe accuse,  
Fortune in this her spitefull force doth vse  
'gainst my gray hayres: in this vnhappy I  
Repine at heau'ns in my happes pittiles.

A man, a woman both in might and minde,  
In *Mars* his schole who neuer lesson learn'd,  
Should me repulse, chase, ouerthrow, destroy,  
Me of such fame, bring to so low an ebbe?

1060

*Alcides* bloud, who from my infancy  
With happy prowesse crowned haue my praise  
Witnesse thou *Gaule* vnus'd to seruile yoke,  
Thou valiant *Spaine*, you fields of *Thessalie*  
With millions of mourning cries bewail'd,  
Twise watred now with bloud of *Italie*.

*Lu.* Witnes may *Afrique*, and of conquer'd world  
All fower quarters witnesse may be.

1070

For in what part of earth inhabited,  
Hungry of praise haue you not ensignes spred?  
*Ant.* Thou know'st rich *Aegipt* (*Aegipt* of my deedes  
Faire and foule subiect) *Aegypt* ah! thou know'st  
How I behau'd me fighting for thy kinge,  
When I regainde him his rebellious Realme:  
Against his foes in battaile shewing force,  
And after fight in victory remorse.

Yet if to bring my glory to the ground,  
Fortune had made me ouerthrowne by one  
Of greater force, of better skill then I:  
One of those Captaines feared so of olde,  
*Camill*, *Marcellus*, worthy *Scipio*,  
This late great *Cæsar*, honor of our state,  
Or that great *Pompei* aged growne in armes;  
That after haruest of a world of men

1080

Made in a hundred battailes, fights, assaults,  
 My body thorow pearst with push of pike  
 Had vomited my bloud, in bloud my life,  
 In midd'st of millions felowes in my fall: 1090  
 The lesse her wrong, the lesse should my woe:  
 Nor she should paine, nor I complaine me so.

No, no, wheras I should haue died in armes,  
 And vanquisht oft new armies should haue arm'd,  
 New battailes giuen, and rather lost with me  
 All this whole world submitted vnto me:  
 A man who neuer saw enlaced pikes  
 With bristled points against his stomake bent,  
 Who feares the field, and hides him cowardly  
 Dead at the very noise the souldiours make. 1100

His vertue, fraud, deceit, malicious guile,  
 His armes the arts that false *Vlisses* vs'de,  
 Knowne at Modena, where the *Consuls* both  
 Death-wounded were, and wounded by his men  
 To get their armie, war with it to make  
 Against his faith, against his country soile.  
 Of *Lepidus*, which to his succours came,  
 To honor whome he was by dutie bound,  
 The Empire he vsurpt: corrupting first  
 with baites and bribes the most part of his men. 1110  
 Yet me hath ouercome, and made his pray,  
 And state of *Rome*, with me hath ouercome.

Strange! one disordred act at *Actium*  
 The earth subdu'de, my glory hath obscur'd.  
 For since, as one whome heauens wrath attaints,  
 With furie caught, and more then furious  
 Vex'd with my euills, I neuer more had care  
 My armies lost, or lost name to repaire:  
 I did no more resist. *Lu. all warres affaires,*  
*But battailes most, dayly haue their successe* 1120  
*Now good, now ill: and though that fortune haue*  
*Great force and power in euery worldly thing,*  
*Rule all, do all, haue all things fast enchaind*  
*Vnto the circle of hir turning wheele:*  
*Yet seemes it more then any practicse else*  
*She doth frequent Bellonas bloudy trade:*  
*And that hir fauour, wauering as the wind,*  
*Hir greatest power therein doth oftnest shewe.*  
*Whence growes, we dailie see, who in their youth*  
*Gatt honor ther, do loose it in their age,*

*Vanquisht by some lesse warlike then themselues:*  
*Whome yet a meaner man shall ouerthrowe.*  
*Hir vse is not to lend vs still her hande,*  
*But sometimes headlong backe a gaine to throwe,*  
*Wherby hir fauor she hath vs extolld*  
*Vnto the topp of highest happines.*  
*Ant. well ought I curse within my griued soule,*  
*Lamenting daie and night, this sencelesse loue,*  
*Whereby my faire entising foe entrap'd*  
*My hedelesse Reason, could no more escape.*  
*It was not fortunes euer changing face:*  
*It was not Destnies chaungles violence*  
*Forg'd my mishap. Alas! who doth not know*  
*They make, nor marre nor any thing can doe.*  
*For things which men so feare, adore, detest,*  
*Is him to chaunce whose cause unknow'n doth rest.*  
*Although oft times the cause is well perceiu'd,*  
*But not th'effect the same that was conceiu'd.*  
*Pleasure, nought else, the plague of this our life,*  
*Our life which still a thousand plagues pursue,*  
*Alone hath me this strange disastre spunne,*  
*Falne from a souldior to a chamberer,*  
*Careles of vertue, careles of all praise.*  
*Nay, as the fatted swine in filthy mire*  
*With gluttred heart I wallowed in delights,*  
*All thoughts of honor troden vnder foote.*  
*So I me lost: for finding this sweet cupp*  
*Pleasing my tast, vnwise I drunke my fill,*  
*And through the sweetnes of that poisons power*  
*By steps I draue my former wits astraie.*  
*I made my frends, offended me forsake,*  
*I holpe my foes against my selfe to rise.*  
*I robd my subiects, and for followers*  
*I saw my selfe beset with flatterers.*  
*Mine idle armes faire wrought with spiders worke,*  
*My scattred men without their ensignes strai'd:*  
*Cæsar meane while who neuer would haue dar'de*  
*To cope with me, me sodainely despis'de,*  
*Tooke hart to fight, and hop'de for victorie*  
*On one so gone, who glorie had forgone.*  
*Lu. Enchaunting pleasure Venus sweete delights*  
*Weaken our bodies, ouer-cloud our sprights,*  
*Trouble our reason, from our hearts out chase*  
*All holie vertues lodging in thir place:*

*Like as the cunni[n]g fisher takes the fishe  
 By traitor baite whereby the hooke is hid:  
 So Pleasure serues to vice in steede of foode  
 To baite our soules thereon too liquorishe.  
 This poison deadly is alike to all,  
 But on great kings doth greatest outrage worke. 1180  
 Taking the roiall scepters from their hands,  
 Thence forward to be by some stranger borne:  
 While that their people charg'd with heauie loades  
 Their flatt'ers pill, and suck their mary drie,  
 Not rul'd but left to great men as a pray,  
 While this fonde Prince himselfe in pleasur's drowns  
 Who hears nought, sees noght, doth nought of a king  
 Seming himselfe against himselfe conspirde.  
 Then equall Iustice wandreth banished,  
 And in her seat sitts greedie Tyrannie. 1190  
 Confus'd disorder troubleth all estates,  
 Crimes without feare and outrages are done.  
 Then mutinous Rebellion shewes her face,  
 Now hid with this, and now with that pretence,  
 Prouoking enimies, which on each side  
 Enter at ease, and make them Lords of all.  
 The hurtfull workes of pleasure here behold.  
 An. The wolfe is not so hurtfull to the folde,  
 Frost to the grapes, to ripened frutes the raine:  
 As pleasure is to princes full of paine. 1200  
 Lu. Yet hath this ill so much the greater force,  
 As scarcely any do against it stand:  
 No not the Demy-gods the olde world knew,  
 Who all subdu'de, could Pleasures power subdue.  
 Great Hercules, Hercules once that was  
 Wonder of earth and heauen, matchles in might,  
 Who Anteus, Lycus, Geryon ouercame,  
 Who drew from hell the triple-headed dogg,  
 Who Hydra kill'd, vanquishd Achelous,  
 Who heauens weight on his strong shoulders bare: 1210  
 Did he not Captiue to this passion yelde,  
 When by his Captiue, so he was inflam'd,  
 As now your selfe in Cleopatra burne?  
 Slept in hir lapp, hir bosome kist and kiste,  
 With base vnseemely seruice bought her loue,  
 Spinning at distaffe, and with sinewy hand  
 Winding on spindles threde, in maides attire?  
 His conqu'ring clubbe at rest on wal did hang:*

*His bow vnstringd he bent not as he vs'de:  
Vpon his shafts the weauing spiders spunne:  
And his hard cloake the fretting mothes did pierce.  
The monsters free and fearles all the time  
Throughout the world the people did torment.  
And more and more encreasing daie by daie  
Scorn'd his weake heart become a mistresse play.  
An. In onlely this like Hercules am I,  
In this I proue me of his lignage right:  
In this himselfe, his deedes I shew in this:  
In this, nought else, my ancestor he is.*

*But goe we: die I must, and with braue end  
Conclusion make of all foregoing harmes:  
Die, die I must: I must a noble death,  
A glorious death vnto my succour call:  
I must deface the shame of time abus'd,  
I must adorne the wanton loues I vs'de,  
With some couragious act: that my last day  
By mine owne hand my spots may wash away.*

*Come deare Lucill: alas! why weepe you thus!  
This mortall lot is common to vs all.  
We must all die, each doth in homage owe  
Vnto that God that shar'd the Realmes belowe.  
Ah sigh no more: alas! appeace your woes,  
For by your grieve my grieve more eager growes.*

### *Chorus*

*Alas, with what tormenting fire  
Vs martireth this blind desire  
to stay our life from flieng!  
How ceaseleslie our minds doth rack,  
How heauie lies vpon our back  
This dastard feare of dieng!  
Death rather healthfull succour giues,  
Death rather all mishapps relieues  
That life vpon vs throweth:  
And euer to vs death vnclose  
The dore whereby from curelesse woes  
Our weary soule out goeth.  
What Goddesses else more milde then she  
To burie all our paine can be,  
What remedie more pleasing?*



*Our pained hearts when dolor stings,*  
*And nothing rest, or respite brings,* 1260  
*What help haue we more easing?*  
*Hope which to vs doth comfort giue,*  
*And doth our fainting harts reuiue,*  
*Hath not such force in anguish:*  
*For promising a vaine reliefe*  
*She oft vs failes in midst of grieve,*  
*And helples lets vs languish.*  
*But Death who call on her at neede*  
*Doth neuer with vaine semblant feed,*  
*But when them sorrow paineth,* 1270  
*So riddes their soules of all distresse*  
*Whose heauie weight did them oppresse,*  
*That not one grieve remaineth.*  
*Who feareles and with courage bolde*  
*Can Acherons black face behold,*  
*Which muddie water beareth:*  
*And crossing ouer in the way*  
*Is not amaz'd at Perruque gray*  
*Olde rusty Charon weareth?*  
*Who voide of dread can looke vpon* 1280  
*The dreadfull shades that Rome alone,*  
*On bankes where sound no voices:*  
*Whome with hir fire-brands and her Snakes*  
*No whit afraide Alecto makes,*  
*Nor triple-barking noises:*  
*Who freely can himselfe dispose*  
*Of that last hower which all must close,*  
*And leaue this life at pleasure:*  
*This noble freedome more esteemes,*  
*And in his heart more precious deemes,* 1290  
*Then crowne and kinglie treasure,*  
*The waues which Boreas blasts turmoile*  
*And cause with foaming furie boile,*  
*Make not his heart to tremble:*  
*Nor brutish broile, when with strong head*  
*A rebell people madly ledde*  
*Against their Lords assemble:*  
*Nor fearefull face of Tirant wood,*  
*Who breaths but threats, & drinks but bloud,*  
*No, nor the hand which thunder,* 1300  
*The hand of Ioue which thunder beares,*  
*And ribbs of rock in sunder teares,*

*Teares mountains sides in sunder:  
Nor bloody Marses butchering hands,  
Whose lightnings desert laie the lands  
Whome dustie cloudes do couer:  
From of whose armour sun-beames flie,  
And vnder them make quaking lie*

*The plaines wheron they houer:  
Nor yet the cruell murth'ing blade  
Warme in the moistie bowels made  
Of people pell mell dieng*

*In some great Cittie put to sack  
By sauage Tirant brought to wrack,  
At his colde mercie lieng.*

*How abiect him, how base thinke I,  
Who wanting courage can not dye*

*When need him thereto calleth?  
From whome the dagger drawne to kill  
The cureles griefes that vexe him still  
For feare and faintnes falleth?  
O Antony with thy deare mate  
Both in misfortunes fortunate!*

*Whose thoughts to death aspiring  
Shall you protect from victors rage,  
Who on each side doth you encage,  
To triumph much desiring.*

*That Cæsar may you not offend  
Nought else but death can you defend,*

*Which his weake force derideth.  
And all in this round earth containd,  
Powr'les on them whome once enchaind  
Auernus prison hideth:*

*Where great Psammetiques ghost doth rest,  
Not with infernall paine possest,*

*But in sweete fields detained:  
And olde Amasis soule likewise,  
And all our famous Psolomies  
That whilome on vs raigned.*

*Act. 4*

*Cæsar. Agrippa. Dircetus.  
the Messenger.*

*Cæsar.*

You euer-liuing Gods which all thing[s] holde 1340  
 Within the power of your celestiall hands,  
 By whome heate, colde, the thunder, and the wind,  
 The properties of enterchaunging mon'ths  
 Their course and being haue; which do set downe  
 Of Empires by your destinied decree  
 The force, age, time, and subiect to no chaunge  
 Chaunge all, reseruing nothing in one state:  
 You haue aduaunst, as high as thundring heau'n  
 The Romaines greatnes by Bellonas might:  
 Maistring the world with fearefull violence, 1350  
 Making the world widdow of libertie.  
 Yet at this day this proud exalted Rome  
 Despoil'd, captiu'd, at one mans will doth bend:  
 Her Empire mine, her life is in my hand,  
 As Monarch I both world and Rome commaund;  
 Do all, can all; foorth my command'ment cast  
 Like thundring fire from one to other Pole  
 Equall to Ioue: bestowing by my word  
 Happs and mishappes, as Fortunes King and Lord.  
 No towne there is, but vp my Image settes, 1360  
 But sacrifice to me doth dayly make:  
 Whither where Phæbus ioyne his mourning steedes,  
 Or where the night them weary entertaines,  
 Or where the heat the Garamant doth scorch,  
 Or where the colde from Boreas breast is blowne:  
 All Cæsar do both awe and honor beare,  
 And crowned Kings his verie name doth feare.  
 knowes it well, for whome not one  
 Of all the Princes all this earth do rule,  
 Armes against me: for all redoubt the power 1370  
 which heau'nly powers on earth haue made me beare.  
 Antony, he poore man with fire inflam'de  
 A womans beauties kindled in his heart[,]  
 Rose against me, who longer could not beare  
 My sisters wrong he did so ill intreat:  
 Seing her left while that his leud delights  
 Her husband with his Cleopatre tooke  
 In Alexandria, where both nights and daies  
 Their time they pass'd in nought but loues and plaies[.]  
 All Asias forces into one he drewe, 1380  
 And forth he set vpon the azur'd waues  
 A thousand and a thousand Shipps, which fill'd

*With Souldiours, pikes, with targets, arrowes, darts,  
 Made Neptune quake, and all the watry troupes  
 Of Glanques, and Tritons lodg'd at Actium,  
 But mightie Gods, who still the force withstand  
 Of him, who causles doth another wrong,  
 In lesse then moments space redus'd to nought  
 All that proud power by Sea or land he brought.  
 Agr. Presumptuous pride of heigh and hawtie sprite, 1390  
 Voluptuous care of fond and foolish loue,  
 Haue iustly wrought his wrack who thought he helde  
 (By ouerweening) Fortune in his hand.  
 Of vs he made no count, but as to play,  
 So feareles came our forces to assay.*

*So sometimes fell to Sonnes of mother earth,  
 Which crawl'd to heau'n warre on the God to make,  
 Olymp on Pelion, Ossa on Olymp,  
 Pindus on Ossa loading by degrees:  
 That at hand strokes with mightie clubbes the might 1400  
 On mossie rocks the Gods make tumble downe:  
 When mightie Ioue with burning anger chas'd,  
 Disbraind with him Gyges and Briareus,  
 Blunting his darts vpon their brused bones.  
 For no one thing the Gods can lesse abide  
 In deedes of men, then Arrogance and pride.  
 And still the proud, which too much takes in hand,  
 Shall fowlest fall, where best he thinkes to stand.  
 Cæs. Right as some Pallace, or some stately tower,  
 Which ouer-lookes the neighbour buildings round 1410  
 In scorning wise, and to the starres vp growes,  
 Which in short time his owne weight ouerthrowes.*

*What monstrous pride, nay what impietie  
 Incenst him onward to the Gods disgrace?  
 When his two children, Cleopatras bratts,  
 To Phoebe and her brother he compar'd,  
 Latonas race, causing them to be call'd  
 The Sunne and Moone? Is not this follie right  
 And is not this the Gods to make his foes?  
 And is not this himselfe to worke his woes? 1420  
 Agr. In like proud sort he caus'd his hed to leese  
 The Iewish king Atigonus, to haue  
 His Realme for balme, that Cleopatra lou'd,  
 As though on him he had some treason prou'd.  
 Cæs. Lidia to her, and Siria he gaue,  
 Cyprus of golde, Arabia rich of smelles:*

*And to his children more Cilicia,  
 Parth's, Medes, Armenia, Phoenicia:  
 The kings of kings proclaiming them to be,  
 By his owne word, as by a sound decree.* 1430  
*Agr. What? Robbing his owne country of her due  
 Triumph'd he not in Alexandria,  
 Of Artabasus the Armenian King,  
 Who yeelded on his periur'd word to him?  
 Cæs. Nay, neuer Rome more iniuries receiu'd,  
 Since thou, ^ Romulus, by flight of birds  
 With happy hand the Romain walles did'st build,  
 Then Antonyes fond loues to it hath done.  
 Nor euer warre more holie, nor more iust,  
 Nor vndertaken with more hard constraint,* 1440  
*Then is this warre: which were it not, our state  
 Within small time all dignitie should loose:  
 Though I lament (thou Sunne my witnes art,  
 And thou great Ioue) that it so deadly proues:  
 That Romaine blood should in such plentie flowe,  
 Watring the fields and pastures where we go.  
 What Carthage in olde hatred obstinate,  
 What Gaule still barking at our rising state,  
 What rebell Samnite, what fierce Phyrrus power,  
 What cruell Mithridates, what Parth hath wrought* 1450  
*Such woe to Rome? whose common wealth he had,  
 (Had be bene victor) into Egypt brought.  
 Agr. Surely the Gods, which haue this cittie built  
 Steadfast to stand as long as time endures,  
 Which keepe the Capitoll, of vs take care,  
 And care will take of those shall after come,  
 Haue made you victor, that you might redresse  
 Their honor growne by passed mischieues lesse.  
 Cæs. The seelie man when all the Greekish Sea  
 His fleete had hid, in hope me sure to drowne,* 1460  
*Me battaile gaue: where fortune in my stede,  
 Repulsing him his forces disaraied.  
 Himselfe tooke flight, soone as his loue he saw  
 All wanne through feare with full sailes flie away.  
 His men, though lost, whome none did now direct,  
 With courage fought fast grappled shipp with shipp,  
 Charging, resisting, as their oares would serue,  
 With darts, with swords, with pikes, with fiery flames.  
 So that the darkned night her starrie vaile  
 Vpon the bloody sea had ouer-spred,*

Whilst yet they held: and hardly, hardly then 1470  
 They fell to flieng on the wauie plaine,  
 All full of soldiours ouerwhelm'd with waues.  
 The aire throughout with cries & grones did sound:  
 The sea did blush with bloud: the neighbour shores  
 Groned, so they with shipwracks pestred were,  
 And floting bodies left for pleasing foode  
 To birds, and beasts, and fishes of the sea,  
 You know it well Agrippa. Ag. Mete it was  
 The Romain Empire so should ruled be, 1480  
 As heau'n is rul'd: which turning ouer vs,  
 All vnder things by his example turnes.  
 Now as of heau'n one onely Lord we know:  
 One onely Lord should rule this earth below.  
 When one selfe pow're is common made to two  
 Their duties they nor suffer will, nor doe.  
 In quarrell still, in hate, in feare;  
 Meane while the people all the smart do beare.  
 Cæs. Then to the end none, while my daies endure,  
 Seeking to raise himselfe may succours find, 1490  
 We must with bloud marke this our victory,  
 For iust example to all memorie  
 Murther we must, vntil not one we leaue,  
 Which may hereafter vs of rest bereaue.  
 Ag. Marke it with murthers? Who of that can like?  
 Cæ. Murthers must vse, who doth assurance seeke.  
 Ag. Assurance call you enemies to make?  
 Cæ. I make no such, but such away I take.  
 Ag. Nothing so much as rigour doth displease.  
 Cæ. Nothing so much doth make me liue at ease. 1500  
 Ag. What ease to him that feared is of all?  
 Cæ. Feared to be, and see his foes to fall.  
 Ag. Commonly feare doth brede. and nourish hate.  
 Cæ. Hate without pow'r comes commonly too late.  
 Ag. A seated Prince hath oft his death desir'd.  
 Cæ. A Prince not fear'd hath oft his wrong conspir[']d.  
 Ag. No guard so sure, no forte so strong doth proue.  
 No such defence, as is the peoples loue.  
 Cæ. Nought more vnsure more weak, more like the winde!  
 Then Peoples fauour still to change encline. 1510  
 Ag. Good Gods! what [l]oue to gracious prince men beare!  
 Cæ. What honor to the Prince that is seuer!  
 Ag. Nought more diuine then is Benignitie.  
 Cæ. Nought likes the Gods as doth Seuerity.

*Ag. Gods all forgiue. Cæs. On faults they paines do lay.*

*Ag. And giue their goods. C. oft times they tak away[.]*

*Ag. They wreake them not, ô Cæsar, at each time  
That by our sinnes they are to wrath prouok'd.*

*Neither must you (beleue, I humble praie)*

*Your victorie with crueltie defile.*

1520

*The Gods it gaue, it must not be abus'd,*

*But to the good of all men mildly vs'd,*

*And they bethank'd: that hauing giu'n you grace*

*To raigne alone, and rule this earthly masse,*

*They may hence-forward hold it still in rest,*

*All scattered power vnited in one brest.*

*Cæ. But what is he that breathles comes so fast,*

*Approching vs, and going in such hast?*

*Ag. He seemes affraid: and vnder his arme I*

*(But much I erre) a bloudy sword espie.*

1530

*Cæ. I long to vnderstand what it may be.*

*Ag. He hither comes: it's best we stay and see.*

*Dirce. What good God now my voice will reenforce,*

*That tell I may to rocks, and hilles, and woods,*

*To waues of sea, which dash vpon the shore,*

*To earth, to heauen, the woefull newes I bring?*

*A. What sodaine chance thee towards vs hath broght[?]*

*Dir. A lamentable chance. O wrath of heau'ns!*

*O gods too pittiles! Cæs. What monstrous hap*

*Wilt thou recount? Dir. Alas too hard mishap!*

1540

*When I but dreame of what mine eies beheld,*

*My hart doth freeze, my limmes do quiuering quake,*

*I senceles stand, my brest with tempest tost*

*Killes in my throte my words, ere fully borne.*

*Dead, dead he is: be sure of what I say,*

*This murthering sword hath made the man away.*

*Cæs. Alas my heart doth cleaue, pittie me rackes,*

*My brest doth pant to heare this dolefull tale.*

*Is Antony then dead? to death, alas!*

*I am the cause despaire him so compell'd.*

1550

*But soldior of his death the manner showe,*

*And how he did this liuing light forgoe.*

*Dir. When Antony no hope remaining saw*

*How warre he might, or how agreement make,*

*Saw him betraid by all his men of warre*

*In euery fight as well by sea, as land;*

*That not content to yeeld them to their foes*

*They also came against himselfe to fight:*

*Alone in court he gan himselfe torment,*  
*Accuse the Queene, himself of hir lament,* 1560  
*Call'd hir vntrue and traitresse, as who sought*  
*To yeeld him vp she could no more defend:*  
*That in the harmes which for hir sake he bare,*  
*As in his blisfull state, she might not share.*

*But she againe, who much his fury fear'd,*  
*Gat to the tombes, darke horrors dwelling place:*  
*Made lock the doores, and pull the hearses downe.*  
*Then fell she wretched, with hir selfe to fight.*  
*A thousand plaints, a thousand sobbes she cast*  
*From hir weake brest which to the bones was torne.* 1570

*Of women hir the most vnhappy call'd,*  
*Who by hir loue, hir woefull loue, had lost*  
*Hir realme, hir life, and more the loue of him,*  
*Who while he was, was all hir woes support.*  
*But that she faultles was she did inuoke*  
*For witnes heau'n, and aire, and earth, and sea.*  
*Then sent him word, she was no more aliue,*  
*But lay inclosed dead within her tombe.*  
*This he beleeu'd; and fell to sigh and grone,*  
*And crost his armes, then thus began to mone.* 1580

*[C.] Poore hopeles man! D. What dost thou more attend*  
*Ah Antony! why dost thou death deferre.*  
*Since Fortune thy professed enimie,*  
*Hath made to die, who only made thee liue?*  
*Sone as with sighes hee had these words vp clos'd,*  
*His armor he vnlaste and cast it off,*  
*Then all disarm'd he thus againe did say:*  
*My Queene, my heart, the griefe that now I feele.*  
*Is not that I your eies, my Sunne, do loose,*  
*For soone againe one tombe shall vs conioyne:* 1590  
*I grieue, whome men so valorous did deeme,*  
*Should now, then you, of lesser valor seeme.*

*So said, forthwith he Eros to him call'd,*  
*Eros his man; summond him on his faith*  
*To kill him at his nede. He tooke the sword,*  
*And at that instant stab'd therewith his breast,*  
*And ending life fell dead before his feete.*  
*O Eros thanks (quothe Antony) for this*  
*Most noble acte, who pow'rles me to kill,*  
*On thee hast done, what I on mee should do.* 1600

*Of speaking thus he scarsce had made an end,*  
*And taken vp the bloody sword from ground,*



*But he his bodie piers'd; and of red bloud  
 A gushing fountaine all the chamber fill'd.  
 He staggerd at the blow, his face grew pale,  
 And on a couche all feeble downe he fell,  
 Sounding with anguish: deadly cold him tooke,  
 As if his soule had then his lodging left  
 But he reuiu'd, and marking all our eies  
 Bathed in teares, and how our breasts we beate* 1610  
*For pittie, anguish, and for bitter grieve,  
 To see him plong'd in extreame wretchednes:  
 He prai'd vs all to haste his lingring death:  
 But no man willing, each himselfe withdrew.  
 Then fell he new to cry and vexe himselfe,  
 Vntill a man from Cleopatra came,  
 Who said from hir he had commaundement  
 To bring him to hir to the monument.*

*The poore soule at these words euen rapt with ioy  
 Knowing she liu'd, prai'd vs him to conuey* 1620  
*Vnto his Lady. Then vpon our armes  
 We bare him to the Tombe, but entred not.  
 For she so feared captiue to be made,  
 And that she should to Rome in triumph goe,  
 Kept close the gate but from a window high  
 Cast downe a corde, wherein he was impackt.  
 Then by hir womens help the corps she rais'd,  
 And by strong armes into hir window drew.*

*So pittifull a sight was neuer seene.  
 Little and little Antony was pull'd,* 1630  
*Now breathing death: his beard was all vnkempt,  
 His face and brest al bathed in his bloud.  
 So hideous yet, and dieng as he was,  
 His eies half-clos'd vppon the Queene he cast:  
 Held vp his hands, and holpe himselfe to raise,  
 But still with weaknes back his bodie fell.*

*The miserable ladie with moist eies,  
 With haire which careles on hir forehead hong,  
 With brest which blowes had bloudily benumb'd,  
 With stooping head, and body down-ward bent,* 1640  
*Enlast hir in the cord, and with all force  
 This life-dead man couragiously vprais'd,  
 The bloud with paine into hir face did flowe,  
 Hir sinewes stiff, her selfe did breathles grow.*

*The people which beneath in flocks beheld,  
 Assisted her with gesture, speach, desire:*

*Cride and encourag'd her, and in their soules  
Did sweate, and labor, no whit lesse then she.  
Who neuer tir'd in labor, held so long  
Helpt by her women, and hir constant heart,  
That Antony was drawne into the tombe,  
And there (i thinke) of dead augments the summe.*

1650

*The cittie all to teares and sighes is turn'd,  
To plaints and outcries horrible to heare:  
Men, women, children, hoary-headed age  
Do all pell mell in house and streete lament,  
Scratching their faces, tearing of their haire,  
Wringing their hands, and martyring their breasts  
Extream their dole: and greater misery  
In sacked townes can hardlie euer be.*

1660

*Not if the fire had scal'de the highest towers:  
That all things were of force and murther full;  
That in the streets the bloud in riuers stream'd;  
The sonne his sire saw in his bosome slaine,  
The sire his sonne: the husband reft of breath  
In his wiues armes, who furious runnes to death.*

*Now my breast wounded with their piteous plaints  
I left their towne, and tooke with me this sworde,  
Which I tooke vp at what time Antony  
Was from his chamber caried to the tombe:*

1670

*And brought it you, to make his death more plaine,  
And that thereby my words may credite gaine.  
Cæs. Ah Gods what cruell hap! poore Antony,  
Alas hast thou this sword so long time borne  
Against thy foe, that in the end it should  
Of thee his Lord the cursed murth'rer be?  
O Death how I bewaile thee! we (alas!)  
So many warres haue ended, brothers, friends,  
Companions, coozens, equalls in estate:  
And must it now to kill thee be my fate?*

1680

*Ag. Why trouble you your selfe with bootles grieve?  
For Antony why spend you teares in vaine?  
Why darken you with dole your victory?  
Me seemes your selfe your glory do enuie.  
Enter the towne, giue thanks vnto the Gods.  
Cæ. I cannot but his tearefull chaunce lament,  
Although not I, but his owne pride the cause,  
And vnchast loue of this Aegiptian.  
Ag. But best we sought into the tombe to get,  
Lest she consume in this amazed case*

*So much rich treasure, with which happely*  
*Despaire in death may make hir feede the fire:*  
*Suffring the flames hir Iewells to deface,*  
*You to defraud, hir funerall to grace.*  
*Sende then to hir, and let some meane be vs'd*  
*With some deuise so hold her still aliue,*  
*Some faire large promises: and let them marke*  
*Whither they may by some fine cunning slight*  
*Enter the tombes. Cæsar. Let Proculeius goe,*  
*And feede with hope hir soule disconsolate.*  
*Assure hir soe, that we may wholly get*  
*Into our hands hir treasure and her selfe.*  
*For this of all things most I do desire*  
*To keepe her safe vntill our going hence:*  
*That by hir presence beautified may be*  
*The glorious triumph Rome prepares for me.*

1690

1700

*Chorus of Romaine*  
*Souldiors.*

*Shall euer ciuile bate*  
*gnaw and deuour our state?*  
*shall neuer we this blade,*  
*our bloud hath bloody made,*  
*lay downe? these armes downe lay*  
*as robes we weare alway?*  
*but as from age to age.*  
*so passe from rage to rage?*  
*Our hands shall we not rest*  
*to bath in our owne brest?*  
*and shall thick in each land*  
*our wretched trophees stand,*  
*to tell posteritie,*  
*what madd Impietie*  
*our stonie stomacks led*  
*against the place vs bred?*  
*Then still must heauen view*  
*the plagues that vs pursue.*  
*and euery wher descrie*  
*Heaps of vs scattred lie,*  
*making the stranger plaines*  
*fat with our bleeding raines,*  
*proud that on them their graue*

1710

1720

<p> <i>so many legio[n]s haue.</i>  <i>And with our fleshs still</i>  <i>Neptune his fishes fill</i>  <i>and dronke with bloud from blue</i>  <i>the sea take blushing hue:</i>  <i>as iuice of Tyrian shell,</i>  <i>when clarified well</i>  <i>to wolfe of finest fields</i>  <i>a purple glosse it yeeldes.</i>  <i>But since the rule of Rome,</i>  <i>to one mans hand is come,</i>  <i>hir now vnited state,</i>  <i>late iointly rulde by three</i>  <i>enuieng mutuallie,</i>  <i>whose triple yoke much woe</i>  <i>on Latines necks did throwe:</i>  <i>I hope the cause of iarre,</i>  <i>and of this bloudie warre,</i>  <i>and deadly discord gone</i>  <i>by what we last haue done:</i>  <i>our banks shall cherish now</i>  <i>the branchie pale-hew'd bow</i>  <i>of Oliue, Pallas praise,</i>  <i>in stede of barraine baies.</i>  <i>And that his temple dore,</i>  <i>which bloody Mars before</i>  <i>held open, now at last</i>  <i>olde Ianus shall make fast:</i>  <i>and rust the sword consume,</i>  <i>and spoild of wauing plume,</i>  <i>The vseles morion shall</i>  <i>on crooke hang by the wall.</i>  <i>At least if warre returne</i>  <i>It shall not here soiourne,</i>  <i>to kill vs with those armes</i>  <i>were forg'd for others harmes:</i>  <i>but haue their points addrest,</i>  <i>against the Germanes brest,</i>  <i>The Parthians fayned flight,</i>  <i>the Biscaines martiall might.</i>  <i>Olde Memory doth there</i>  <i>painted on forehead weare</i>  <i>our Fathers praise: thence torne</i>  <i>our triumphs baies haue worne:</i> </p>	<p>1730</p> <p>1740</p> <p>1750</p> <p>1760</p> <p>1770</p>
---	---

*therby our matchles Rome  
whilome of Shepeheardes come  
rais'd to this greatnes stands,  
the Queene of forraine lands.  
Which now euen seemes to face  
the heau'ns, her glories place: 1780  
nought resting vnder skies  
that dares affront her eies.  
So that she needes but feare  
the weapons Ioue doth beare,  
who angry at one blowe  
may her quite ouerthrowe.*

*Act. 5[.]  
Cleopatra. Euphron. Children of Cleopatra.  
Charmion. Eras.*

*Cleop.*

*O cruell fortune! ô accursed lot!  
O plaguy loue! ô most detested brand!  
O wretched ioyes! ô beauties miserable!  
O deadly state! ô deadly roialtie! 1790  
O hatefull life! ô Queene most lamentable!  
O Antony by my faulte buriable!  
O hellish worke of heau'n! alas! the wrath  
Of all the Gods at once on vs is falne.  
Vnhappie Queene! ô would I in this world  
The wandring light of day had neuer seene?  
Alas! of mine the plague and poison I  
The crowne haue lost my ancestors me left,  
This Realme I haue to strangers subiect made,  
And robd my children of their heritage. 1800*

*Yet this is nought (alas!) vnto the price  
Of you deare husband, whome my snares intrap'd:  
Of you, whome I haue plagu'd, whom I haue made  
With bloody hand a guest of mouldie tombe:  
Of you, whome I destroied, of you, deare Lord,  
Whome I of Empire, honor, life haue spoil'd.  
O hurtfull woman! and can I yet liue,  
Yet longer liue in this Ghost-haunted tombe?*

*Can I yet breath! can yet in such annoy,*  
*Yet can my soule within this body dwell?* 1810  
*O Sisters you that spin the thredes of death!*  
*O Styx! ô Plegethon! you brookes of hell!*  
*O impes of Night! Euph. Liue for your childrens sake:*  
*Let not your death of kingdome them depriue.*  
*Alas what shall they do: who will haue care?*  
*Who will preserue this royall race of yours?*  
*Who pittie take? euen now me seemes I see*  
*These little soules to seruile bondage falne,*  
*And borne in triumph. Cl. Ah most miserable!*  
*Euph. Their tender armes with cursed cord fast bound* 1820  
*At their weake backs. Cl. Ah Gods what pittie more!*  
*Euph. Their seely necks to ground with weaknes bend[.]*  
*Cl. Neuer on vs, good Gods, such mischiefes send.*  
*Euph. And pointed at with fingers as they go.*  
*Cl. Rather a thousand deaths. Euph. Lastly his knife*  
*Some cruell catiue in their bloud embrue.*  
*Cl. Ah my heart breaks. By shady banks of hell,*  
*By fields whereon the lonely Ghosts do treade,*  
*By my soule, and the soule of Antony*  
*I you beseech, Euphron, of them haue care.* 1830  
*Be their good Father, let your wisdom lett*  
*That they fall not into this Tyrants hands.*  
*Rather conduct them where their freezed locks*  
*Black Aethiops to neighbour Sunne do shew;*  
*On wauie Ocean at the waters will;*  
*On barraine cliffes of snowie Caucasus;*  
*To Tiger swift, to Lions, and to Beares;*  
*And rather, rather vnto euery coaste,*  
*To eu'ry land and sea: for nought I feare*  
*As rage of him, whose thirst no bloud can quench.* 1840  
*Adieu deare children, children deare adieu:*  
*Good Isis you to place of safety guide,*  
*Farre from our f[a]ces, where you your liues may leade*  
*In free estate deuoid of seruile dread.*  
*Remember not, my children, you were borne*  
*Of such a Princely race: remember not*  
*So many braue Kings which haue Egipt rul'de*  
*In right descent your ancestors haue beene:*  
*That this great Antony your father was,*  
*Hercules bloud, and more then he in praise.* 1850  
*For your high courage such remembrance will,*  
*Seing your fall with burning rages fill.*

*Who knowes if that your hands false Destinie  
The Scepters promis'd of imperious Rome,  
In stede of them shall crooked shepehookes beare,  
Needles or forkes, or guide the carte, or plough?  
Ah learne t'endure: your birth and high estate  
Forget, my babes, and bend to force of fate.*

*Farwell, my babes, farwell my heart is clos'd,  
With pittie and paine, my selfe with death enclos'd,* 1860  
*My breath doth faile. Farwell for euermore,  
Your Sire and me you shall see neuer more.*

*Farwell sweet care, farwell. Chil. Madame Adieu.  
Cl. Ah this voice killes me. Ah good Gods! I swound.  
I can no more, I die. Eras. Madame, alas!  
And will you yeld to woe? Ah speake to vs.*

*Eu. Come Children. Chil. We come. Eu. Follow we our chance.  
The Gods shall guide vs. Char. O too cruell lot!  
O too hard chaunce! Sister what shall we do,* 1870  
*What shall we do, alas! if murthering darte*

*Of death arriue while that in slumbring swound  
Halfe dead she lie with anguish ouergone?  
Er. Her face is frozen. Ch. Madame for Gods loue  
Leaue vs not thus: bid vs yet first farwell.*

*Alas! wepe ouer Antony: Let not  
His bodie be without due rites entomb'd.*

*Cl. Ah, ah. Char. Madame. Cl. Ay me! Ch. How fainte she is?  
Cl. My Sisters, holde me vp. How wretched I,  
How cursed am: and was there euer one* 1880  
*By Fortunes hate into more dolours throwne?*

*Ah, weeping Niobe, although thy heart  
Beholds it selfe enwrap'd in causefull woe  
For thy dead children, that a sencelesse rocke  
With grieve become, on Sipylus thou stand'st  
In endles teares: yet didst thou neuer feele  
The weights of grieve that on my heart do lie.  
Thy Children thou, mine I poore soule haue lost,  
And lost their Father, more then them I waile,  
Lost this faire realme; yet me the heauens wrath* 1890  
*Into a stone not yet transformed hath.*

*Phaetons sister, daughters of the Sunne,  
Which waile your brother falne into the streames  
Of stately Pa: the Gods vpon the bankes  
Your bodies to banke-louing Alders turn'd.  
For me, I sigh, I ceasles wepe, and waile,  
And heauen pittiles laughes at my woe,*

Riuiues; renewes it still: and in the ende  
(Oh cruelty!) doth death for comfort lend.

Die *Cleopatra* then no longer stay 1900

From *Antony*, who thee at *Styx* attends:

Go ioyne thy Ghost with his, and sob no more  
Without his loue within these tombes enclos'd.

*Eras.* Alas! yet let vs wepe, lest sodaine death  
From him our teares, and those last duties take  
Vnto his tombe we owe. *Ch.* Ah let vs wepe  
While moisture lasts, then die before his feete.

*Cl.* Who furnish will mine eies with streaming teares  
My boiling anguish worthily to waile,

Waile thee *Antony*, *Antony* my heart? 1910

Alas, how much I weeping liquor want!

Yet haue mine eies quite drawne their Condit dries  
By long beweeeping my distressed harmes.

Now reason is that from my side they sucke  
First vitall moisture, then the vitall blood.

Then let the blood from my sad eies outflowe,  
And smoking yet with thine inmixture grow.

Moist it, and heat it newe, and neuer stop,  
All watring thee, while yet remaines one drop.

*Ch.* *Antony* take our teares: this is the last 1920

Of all the duties we to thee can yelde,

Before we die. *Er.* These sacred obsequ[i]es

Take *Antony*, and take them in good parte.

*Cl.* O Goddess thou whom *Cyprus* doth adore,  
*Venus* of *Paphros*, bent to worke vs harme

For olde *Iulus* broode, if thou take care

Of *Cæsar*, why of vs tak'st thou no care?

*Antony* did descend, as well as he,

From thine owne Sonne by long enchained line:

And might haue rul'd by one and selfe same fate, 1930

True *Troian* Blood, the stately *Romain* state.

*Antony*, poore *Antony*, my deare soule,

Now but a blocke, the bootie of a tombe,

Thy life thy heat is lost, thy coullour gone,

And hideous palenes on thy face hath seiz'd.

Thy eies, two Sunnes, the lodging place of loue,

Which yet for tents to warlike *Mars* did serue,

Lock'd vp in lidds (as faise daies cherefull light

Which darknesse flies) do winking hide in night.

*Antony* by our true loues I thee beseeche, 1940

And by our hearts sweete sparks haue set on fire,



Our holy mariage, and the tender ruthe  
Of our deare babes, knot of our amitie:  
My dolefull voice thy eare let entertaine,  
And take me with thee to the hellish plaine,  
Thy wife, thy frend: heare *Antony*, ô heare  
My sobbing sighes, if here thou be, or there.

Liued thus long, the winged race of yeares  
Ended I haue as *Destinie* decreed,  
Flourish'd and raigned, and taken iust reuenge  
Of him who me both hated and despisde.

1950

Happie, alas too happie: if of *Rome*  
Only the fleete had hither neuer come.  
And now of me an Image great shall goe  
Vnder the earth to bury there my woe.  
What say I? where am I? ô *Cleopatra*,  
Poore *Cleopatra*, grieve thy reason reaues.  
No, no, most happie in this happles case,  
To die with thee, and dieng thee embrace:  
My bodie ioynde with thine, my mouth with thine,  
my mouth, whose moisture burning sighes haue dried  
To be in one selfe tombe, and one selfe chest,  
And wrapt with thee in one selfe sheete to rest.

1960

The sharpest torment in my heart I feele  
Is that I stay from thee, my heart, this while.  
Die will I straight now, now streight will I die,  
And streight with thee a wandring shade will be,  
Vnder the *Cypres* trees thou haunt'st alone,  
Where brookes of hell do falling seeme to mone.  
But yet I stay, and yet thee ouerliue,  
That ere I die due rites I may thee giue.

1970

A thousand sobbes I from my brest will teare,  
With thousand plaints thy funeralls adorne:  
My haire shall serue for thy oblations,  
My boiling teares for thy effusions,  
Mine eies thy fire: for out of them the flame  
(Which burnt thy heart on me enamour'd) came.  
Wepe my companions, weepe, and from your eies  
Raine downe on him of teares a brinish streame.  
Mine can no more, consumed by the coales  
Which from my brest, as from a funace rise.  
Martir your breasts with multiplied blowes,  
With violent hands teare of your hanging haire,  
Outrage your face: alas! why should we seeke  
(Since now we die) our beauties more to keepe?

1980

I spent in teares, not able more to spende,  
But kisse him now, what rests me more to doe?  
Then let me kisse you, you faire eies, my light,  
Front seat of honor, face most firce, most faire!  
O neck, ô armes, ô hands, ô breast where death  
(O mischiefe) comes to choake vp vitall breath.  
A thousand kisses, thousand thousand more  
Let you my mouth for honors farewell giue:  
That in this office weake my limmes may growe,  
Fainting on you, and fourth my soule may flow.

1990

*At Ramsbury. 26. of Nouember.*  
1 5 9 0.

*Printed at London by P.S.*  
for William Ponsonby. 1595.



Renaissance Editions